BRITISH PEER IS HELD A PRISONER IN HIS OWN HOUSE

Remarkable Case of Marquis Townshend Proves Sensation in London.

SAID TO BE THE VICTIM OF FATHER-IN-LAW

Is Scion of One of England's Most Ancient Families—Story of His Marriage, Honeymoon and Captivity—Once Jilted by an American Girl.

London.—London is agog over the fight of the beautiful Marchioness Townshend to retain the custody of her titled husband, which was given her by the lunacy board. Instead of his dazzling bride of less than a year, the marquis seemed to prefer the company of a male friend, was violently eccentric, and could not be kept at home without restraint, it is claimed. The dowager marchioness has taken an appeal from the ruling, and says she isn't allowed to see her son.

Allegations in the Case.

The allegation that in the beginning of the twentieth century a marquis of ancient lineage and royal connections has been made the victim of a sham lunacy inquiry; that he is a prisoner in his own house, that his mother, Dowager Marchioness Townshend, who is denied access to him, protests his absolute sanity, and that this conspiracy should be carried out in the heart of Mayfair, are certainly startling facts.

The Townshend family is one of the oldest in England. Its founder was a lawyer of great eminence in the reign of Edward IV., while the hero (or the victim, as the case may be), of the present episode is the sixth marquis, and third in point of precedence in the role of marquises in the English peerage.

When the present marquis succeeded to the estates he found them heavily mortgaged, owing to the extravagance of his immediate forbears.

He is diminutive in size, with a very shrunken body, on which is superimposed a very large head with abnormal frontal development and a peculiar flatness at the back. He stands only about four feet six inches high, has the body of an ill-nourished boy of 12, walks with short, rapid steps, and speaks in a high-pitched voice. His face is pale, his eyes lustreless, his mouth loose, with a heavy, hanging underlip.

After a period of retirement, entirely suited to his case, he seems to have fallen into the hands of some one who thought his title might be exploited in return for the hand if not the heart of a millionairess.

The marquis was frankly put on the market by his enterprising promoter and the following prospectus was circulated, under the seal of strictest confidence, in quarters both here and in New York, where it was thought that there might be a demand for derelict scions of the British peerage who could give a title in exchange for gold:

"Prospectus" Sent to New York.

"Marquis Townshend is 39 years old; is a liberal peer; was educated abroad; he speaks French and German perfectly. His income is between $25,000 and $40,000 a year now, is increasing by reduction of land charges and reduction of interest on mortgages to about $70,000 within seven or eight years. His mother has a jointure of $12,500 per annum, which ceases on her death. . . . He is closely related to the royal family. He will settle a jointure of $7,500 a year on his wife, also a dower house. Any money she might have would be settled on the younger children, as only $2,500 a year out of the estate goes to them. Everything else would go to the eldest son. When he came into the estates six years ago he found there were mortgages to the amount of $825,000. He has succeeded in paying off about $600,000. His wife would in all probability become in time mistress of the robes, with $10,000 a year salary. He will be deputy lieutenant for Norfolk. He has taken his seat in the house of lords, and in some official instances, such as Lord Tweedmouth's, Lord Wimborne's and Lord Ripon's, he walked ahead of everyone as senior liberal peer."

The agent complains that he found the noble marquis a very difficult commodity to dispose of in the marriage market. There were numerous applicants, but when brought face to face with their fate, they shrank from it.

One American girl told the agent:

"I could do with a fool; I could do with a fop; I could do with a rake; I could do with a centenarian, but I could not do with this weakling if he were king instead of merely a marquis. Why, I could never show him to my friends! They'd say I kidnaped him!"

But the Sutherst family was proof against any excessive delicacy of that kind, and the marquis married Miss Gladys Sutherst at St. Martins-in-the-Fields, by special license, in the presence of her father and two friends in May, 1905.

Thomas Sutherst, the bride's father, barrister-at-law, has had a notable career. In 1891 he appeared as a labor leader and organized the great London 'bus strike; some time later went into the underwriting and financial business and prospered so well that he took a house in Grosvenor square.

His daughter Gladys, the present Marchioness Townshend, is small, but extremely pretty, with the most beautiful real auburn hair and the loveliest blue eyes imaginable. She is clever, determined, took charge of the marquis from the day of the marriage, and put him in his proper place in the marquisitorial household.

The marquis seems to have married this charming, gushing young girl in consideration of a loan of £27,000 ($135,000), to be raised by her financing father.

According to the marquis' friends—who are not the friends of the Sutherst family—he was treated with incredible indignity during his honeymoon. Here is their actual statement, a most astonishing document:

An Extraordinary Honeymoon.

"Lord and Lady Townshend went straight to Paris after the ceremony, where they were joined on Friday, August 11, by Mrs. Sutherst, and it is stated that Lord Townshend was very coolly treated by them until the Monday when they went to Wiesbaden.

"At Wiesbaden, where the marquis and marchioness remained for about six weeks, his lordship was treated with the grossest indignities. It is said that he was made to grease his hair and part it down the back, in the manner of a German officer; that he

was made thus to walk in the streets and be the butt of the whole population of Wiesbaden.

"It is stated that when they were in St. Germain and Paris Lord Townshend was treated in a shameful manner, that in Paris, for instance, he was made to black his own boots, and that he was played under restraint and guarded by a black servant.

Statement by Wife's Father.

The allegations made by friends of the marquis are denied by Mr. Southerst, father of the machioness. Following is his statement of the case:

"When the marriage of my daughter to Lord Townshend was in course of arrangement and during the discussion as to the marriage settlement an agreement was come to between myself and the marquis in which I agreed to procure to be advanced to his lordship, upon adequate security, the sum of £27,000 ($135,000), to be paid to him on certain terms. The marquis agreed to charge his life interest in the Raynham estates as security for this advancement, together with interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, and with the proceeds of the advance to pay off a loan of about £12,000 and other debts amounting in the aggregate to £27,000. It was agreed that if the result of the marriage is that a son be born within a period of 12 months the charge upon the estates should be released and the amount settled upon Lady Townshend.

"They say I agreed to give £27,000 before the marriage. As a matter of fact there is a clause in the above agreement which says: 'Upon the marriage taking place a sum of money to be mutually agreed upon shall be advanced by the first party to the second party, which is to be regarded as on account of the total sum to be advanced and charged as a loan.' But in case the £27,000 was not to be paid until, as the first clause states, the charge referred to is executed and all prior existing charges are dealt with satisfactorily and all necessary releases given.' These conditions have not yet been fulfilled. So that disposes of the first story.

"I will now proceed to the time of my daughter's honeymoon on the continent. At first we only had occasion to consider the marquis' conduct perhaps a trifle eccentric, and I must admit that my daughter was very astonished when at a simple conjuring entertainment at Wiesbaden Lord Townshend suddenly got up and denounced the conjurer for witchcraft and had to be taken out of the room. I was subsequently assured, however, that this was merely one of the marquis' little eccentricities, and that he felt very deeply on the subject of witchcraft.

"A short time after his return to town from the honeymoon the marquis was not feeling very well, and his friend suggested that he would like him to go down to Brighton for a few days. There was nothing more natural than this, especially in view of the fact that before his marriage his lordship had lived there for some time.

"He returned in a disagreeable mood after staying three or four days.

"One night, my wife, who was dining with the family, and who is merely a visitor at my daughter's request, protested against money being paid to a certain friend of Lord Townshend. Whereupon Lord Townshend became violent, and rushed at Mrs. Sutherst putting his fists in her face. Mrs. Sutherst was naturally indignant and pushed Lord Townshend's fists from her, and her hand came in contact with his head. It was not a blow—merely self-protection. Lord Townshend has had every comfort, and has been most kindly and considerately treated.

"Lord Townshend afterward apologized, and said he would go to Brighton again the Saturday following. He accordingly left most agreeably, promising to return on the Monday. He did not return for ten weeks—that is, on January 26.

"On Friday, the 26th of last month, it was arranged that we should all meet at the marquis' solicitors in Jermyn street in order to settle some details as to the estates. After the meeting I suggested that Lord Townshend, as he had not seen his wife for so long, should come back and have tea, meeting his friends by the 5:45 train to Brighton that evening. We went to a 'radium' party, and unfortunately remained too late to catch the train. The marquis thereupon became extremely excited, expressing in remarkably emphatic language his desire to get down that night to the friend with whom he had been staying at Brighton. So hysterical was he that I thought he must be run down, and becoming alarmed, I sent for Dr. Bramwell, of Wimpole street, to give us his advice.

Shut Up in House.

Dr. Bramwell strongly advised that Lord Townshend should not go to Brighton that day, and consequently Lady Townshend refused to give him the key of the door, saying that he had been away ten weeks, and must stay now at his house in Brook street with her.

"It was this event which decided me to call in Dr. Savage the next day in consultation with Dr. Bramwell, both of whom were perfect strangers to me. And these two eminent mental specialists came to the decision that Lord Townshend was of an hysterical nature, easily influenced, and would consequently be better in the care of his wife. An application, signed of course, by a magistrate, was then made to the commissioners in lunacy, a reception order was signed on February 3, and on petition the marquis was duly intrusted to the custody of his wife.

"On two occasions the lunacy commissioners have personally visited the marquis and have been greatly struck by the earnest protestations of friendship which Lord Townshend has made for the friend with whom he stayed at Brighton. Intercepted letters were also shown to them as an instance of the great attachment which his lordship has for the gentleman referred to.

"To say that the marquis is a prisoner in this, his own house, is absurd. He goes out with me and Lady Townshend for drives and walks, and last time I saw him (on Saturday) we took a cab to the Hotel Victoria and Carlton together, and, in fact, were out for quite a considerable time."

The marquis has given several interviews since the order of the lunacy commissioners committing him to the custody of his wife, and in all he has stated quite frankly that his one desire is to rejoin his friend at Brighton. He has shown hesitation in speech, nervousness, and when the marchioness was present has declined to say anything. He said nothing insane or even eccentric, but his wife says that his attachment to the man at Brighton amounts to a dangerous delusion.

His mother asseverates her belief in his complete sanity, and is working heaven and earth to get him away from the toils of the Sutherst's. She has appealed to the lunacy commissioners against the order they gave, granting his wife custody of him, and the whole matter will be fought out in the courts.

The whole story as it stands is one of the most sordid that the exchange of titles for gold has yet evolved.

THOSE MISTY BLUE EYES.

She sold me a book, and I do not know why;
She sold me a book I had sworn not to buy;
I declared up and down I would not even look,
But I broke my resolve and she sold me her book.

She was such a sweet lass—so unwitting and shy,
With a wealth of dark hair and a fetching blue eye,
And I frowned upon her with a threatening look,
But she paid me no heed—only took out her book.

I had sworn not to look, but she told me a tale
Of a mother bedridden, so worn and so frail,
And of sisters and brothers, so young to be fed,
And herself all alone, for dear father was dead.

Quite unfitted she was for the winning of bread—
Father had been so good, but dear father was dead.
And the fortune they'd cause to believe had been his.
Well—a rascally partner; you know how it is.

So the bread must be won, and the rest were so young,
With the mother bedridden—some lesion of lung.
But of course, if I chose, she would never insist—
And her eyes shone with tears like two stars through a mist.

So she sold me the book, and the reason is plain:
She would sell me another if she came again.
But they told me dear father is hearty and fine;
Content to be dead for the sake of a sale.

And the bedridden mother, so feeble and blind?
As she could is bedridden—but only at night.
And those six younger children, all crying for bread—
But of course knows of those is what she has read.

So she sold me and sold me her book—it is sad.
But how, all alone, for my life I can't tell
If it was her sad story I could not resist,
Or her eyes that shone wet like two stars through a mist.

—J. W. Foley, in N. Y. Times.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

By UNA HUDSON

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"By Jove!" Mr. Roger Belknap said, admiringly. "He is a beauty, and no mistake!"

"Right you are," said the dog's owner, heartily. "He's taken prizes in three dog shows. I wouldn't think of selling him if it wasn't that I am so blamed hard up."

"I want him all right," said Mr. Belknap. "But you see it's this way—my wife doesn't like dogs; won't have one about the place."

"But a dog like that!" urged the dog's owner. "Look at his eyes! He's intelligent, that dog is, and gentle and obedient. What more can a woman ask in a dog? Why, your wife will love him like a child before you've had him a week."

"Well, perhaps," said Mr. Belknap. But he said it doubtfully. Mr. Belknap knew his Martha.

"Tell you what," suggested the other man, "you take him home with you to-night, and if you can't persuade your wife to let you keep him why bring him back to-morrow."

Mr. Belknap agreed, and some two

"A KITTEN!" HE EJACULATED, WEAKLY.

hours later approached his home in fear and trembling, for with him went the dog.

At the corner Mr. Belknap paused. "This," he decided, "is an occasion calling for tact and diplomacy."

He retraced his steps to the alley and, after a careful reconnaissance, effected an inconspicuous entrance by way of the back gate. He left the dog in the woodshed and went on up to the house. Mrs. Belknap was in the kitchen, putting the finishing touches to a most artistic strawberry shortcake.

"You're just in time, my dear," she said. "I was so afraid you'd be late. We've asparagus pates to-night, and they're so horrid if they stand a minute after they're done. Mary"— to the maid—"you may serve dinner now."

She untied her kitchen apron and passed into the dining room. Mr. Belknap followed his wife.

"How festive we are to-night," he said, as he took his place at the table, brave with flowers and an unwonted abundance of bon-bons and salted almonds. "Is it somebody's birthday, or what?"

"'Or what,' I guess," laughed Mrs. Belknap. "It's for you, of course, you dear stupid. Don't you like a good dinner once in a while?"

"Your dinners are always good," said Mr. Belknap loyally.

Mrs. Belknap beamed at him. "Oh, no, not always," she deprecated modestly. She held up a silencing forefinger. "Just listen to that," she said.

Mr. Belknap listened and writhed uncomfortably. "That" was unmistakably the bark of a dog.

"It's that horrid dog next door, I suppose," Mrs. Belknap went on. Mr. Belknap composed his agitated features and hoped his wife had not noticed his perturbation. "I wish they'd get rid of him," Mrs. Belknap continued. "Why anyone wants to have a hateful, noisy dog around I'm sure I can't imagine."

Mr. Belknap devoted himself to his chicken pie and held his peace. He was not the man to interrupt when a lady had the floor.

But when he had partaken of as many of his favorite dishes as could be fitted into one dinner he thought it time to try diplomacy.

"This was really very nice of you, my dear," he said.

Mrs. Belknap came and sat on the arm of his chair and rubbed her cheek affectionately against his. "Think so?" she cooed. She twisted a button of his coat and spoke with a pretty assumption of diffidence.

"I want to ask you something," she said, "but I—I'm afraid to."

Mr. Belknap laughed. "Oh, that's what the dinner was for?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Belknap, brazenly. "Did you suppose I was going to give you a dinner like that and get nothing in return?"

Mr. Belknap laughed again. "Out with it," he said.

"But it's a very special favor," said Mrs. Belknap.

"I'll say 'yes' to anything you've a mind to ask," Mr. Belknap promised, rashly.

"You'd better let me tell you first what I want," said Mrs. Belknap. For," she explained honestly, "I don't think you'll like it."

Mr. Belknap thought he saw a way to win out on the dog proposition. "My dear," he said to his better-half, "a man who won't grant his wife's requests before she tells him what she wants is a pretty mean sort. I say 'yes' and I mean 'yes.'"

Mrs. Belknap dropped an ecstatic kiss where his hair was beginning to thin out a bit and ran from the room.

Mr. Belknap leaned back in his chair with a sigh of self-congratulation. "Great Scott, this is too easy!" he thought. "After that she certainly can't say no to the dog."

Then Mrs. Belknap came back. She carried carefully a fluff of white fur, which she deposited on her husband's knee.

"A kitten!" that gentleman ejaculated weakly. He hated cats even as his wife detested dogs.

"Isn't it a love?" Mrs. Belknap said, smoothing the soft white fur. "And it's pedigreed—a real Angora. Its mother has taken prizes at three cat shows. And you've said I could keep it, haven't you, dear?"

Mr. Belknap nodded unhappily. The dog in the woodshed had a reputation as a slayer of cats.

"But I've taken a mean advantage of you," Mrs. Belknap said, "though it was partly your fault. You know I wanted to tell you what I was after before you promised, and you wouldn't let me. But I guess I can be generous, too." She lifted the kitten and cuddled it against her cheek. "If you don't really want me to keep it, why I won't," she said.

Mr. Belknap thought regretfully of the dog, but he was a man of his word and a gentleman.

"A bargain is a bargain," he said. "You keep your kitten. I dare say I shall grow to be quite fond of it—in time."

He looked at his watch. "Will you excuse me for an hour or so, my dear? I've got to—to meet—man on—on business." Mr. Belknap was not a facile liar.

Mrs. Belknap looked up from her kitten to say: "Don't be long." And Mr. Belknap went out.

Under cover of the darkness he stealthily removed the dog from the woodshed. The dog licked his hand and Mr. Belknap patted his head regretfully.

"Sorry, old chap," he said, "but I reckon it can't be helped. Wish I knew how she did it. Why it was all settled before I had even a chance to so much as say 'dog.' And she got a cat into the bargain."

And at that identical moment Mrs. Belknap was making a confidant of the white kitten. "Kitty," she said, "we took a base advantage of him. For he had a dog, actually, a dog in the woodshed, and all through dinner he was trying to pluck up courage to ask if he might keep it. But we simply couldn't have a horrid dog about the place, now could we, kitty, love?"

King Using Dumbbells.

The king of Korea has taken to dumbbell exercise since the Young Men's Christian association introduced American athletics into that far off country. All the higher class young men of Korea are interesting themselves in handsprings, foot races and performances on the horizontal bar. At Tientsin, China, a crowd of 5,000 gathered at the recent athletic field meet of the association. Japan is also taking to American athletics. Every college has its baseball team. The students of India, too, have adopted football and other American and English games.

Safe Defiance.

Gov. Castro—And ow far eet ees zat zose French guns carry ze shell?

The Aid—Not over five miles.

"Aha! Zen I weel defy-a zem exactlee seex miles from zee coast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.